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18 JA 53



## PROLOGUE.



WHAT circles in a peaceful lake,  
A little pebble oft can make !  
If one thought dart across the brain,—  
A thousand follow in its train.—

As feather'd seeds of plants, and trees,  
Are wafted by the wave or breeze ;  
And, lighting on a proper soil,  
Spring up, without or care, or toil :  
So conversation scatters wide  
The seeds of thought, like wave or tide.—

B

An unconnected thought may float,  
 As in the sunny ray a mote ;  
 Which from the mind in which 'twas bred,  
 Has, like a passing shadow fled ;  
 But, wafted to some fertile brain—  
 It settles, roots, and grows amain—  
 The lovely flower of some fair deed,  
 Or Passion's foul and noxious weed.—  
 Hence trifles, more than gosemore light,  
 Awake the soul to glory bright ;  
 Hence DUNCAN's wreaths at Camperdown :  
 Hence NELSON wears a *Lotus-crown*.—

A falling seed our **NEWTON** led  
 Where Science ne'er before dar'd tread ;  
 And taught him how he might explain  
 The movements of the *starry train*.

You'll wonder now, where all this leads,  
 'Bout *lakes*, and *pebbles*, *plants* and *seeds* :  
 Tho' metaphors dance in a throng,  
 You know not yet where tends the song :  
 But if you'll lend a patient ear,  
 The purport you shall quickly hear.

My DAUGHTER went to see a FRIEND,  
 Whose sense and sweetness all commend ;  
 And tho' she is not given to roam,  
 A rapturous letter she wrote home ;

That, while the ground lay hid in snow,  
 She saw an *Eden* round her blow:  
 The cause of this effect I spied,  
 And thus in turn to her replied.

*And so the pil'd up fagots blaze,*  
*The festive converse flows;*  
*And you behold a Paradise,*  
*Amidst a waste of snows!*

*The solitude delights you more,*  
*Than all the noisy Town;*  
*Long may the bliss of Paradise*  
*The lovely CHARLOTTE crown:*

*'Tis she that makes the scene appear,*  
*So charming to your eye:*  
*The din of LONDON too would charm,*  
*Were lovely CHARLOTTE nigh.*

My DAUGHTER lik'd this little strain—  
 —Sweet filial love oft soothes my pain—  
 Was glad to find 'midst frost and snow,  
 My MUSE, long dry, begin to flow.  
 I saw how cheaply—with what ease—  
 Those whom we love, we're sure to please.  
 It was no day to walk abroad;—  
 The snow lay drifted in each road:  
 I glanced o'er many humble rhimes,

Which had been penn'd at various times ;  
As sad, or gay, my heart had been,  
Or wavering these extremes between :  
As sorrow made my eyes o'erflow,  
Or Gratitude diffus'd its glow :—  
And thought :—*When I in death repose,*  
*And o'er my turf the daisy blows,—*  
*My CHILDREN, haply may peruse,*  
*Well pleas'd, these efforts of my MUSE.*  
This THOUGHT prov'd an exciting cause—  
I print—secure of *their* applause :—  
Content without the *Critics'* praise,  
Or ivy wreaths, or sprigs of bays.



THE AUTHOR's  
APOLOGY,  
FOR PRESUMING TO CALL THESE TRIFLES,

Poems.

---

THE BARD, begirt with Fancy's zone,\*  
Whose touch awakes the raptur'd tone ;  
Around whom all the Passions throng,  
Obedient to his magic Song ;  
Before whom new creations rise,  
As roll his finely frenzied eyes ;  
Whose Lays shall last to distant time,  
The love and wonder of each clime :  
The BARD, who owns a Muse of fire,  
No higher Title can desire,

---

\* Young Fancy thus, to me divinest name,  
To whom prepar'd and bath'd in heaven,  
The cest of amplest power is given,  
To few the God-like gift affigns,  
To gird their blest prophetic loins,  
And gaze her visions wild, and feel unmix'd her flame.  
*Collin's Ode to the Poetical Character.*

*That his sublimest Works should bear  
 Than this of POEMS:—shall I dare—  
 Unskill'd in the Poetic art,  
 So proud a Title then impart,  
 To these poor sallies of my brain,  
 Which humblest Meed can scarce obtain?*

*The CRITICKS will me sorely maul,  
 And dip their pens in bitter gall;  
 They'll tell me, what alas! I know:  
 “ My lines, with little smoothness, flow;  
 “ That Fancy's visions all so bright,  
 “ Have never burst upon my sight;  
 “ That I cannot, with thrilling tone,  
 “ Make every reader, all my own:  
 “ Of Wit, that not a single spark  
 “ E'er flashes to relieve the dark:  
 “ From first to last, that all is tame,  
 “ Devoid of Genius' holy flame.”*

*Well, MASTERS of the frowning brow,  
 All this is truth, I must allow:  
 No HOMER, VIRGIL, MILTON, I;  
 Nor can I with the PLOUGHMAN\* vie.*

*No copious stream my Muse rolls down,  
 Thro' forests vast, with horror brown;—*

*A gentle, tiny, gurgling rill,  
She glides adown the heathy hill:—  
Yet seated on the daisied brink,  
The shepherds of the rill may drink.—*

*With mountain pines, she can't compare,  
Wide waving in the breezy air;  
Nor with the sweetly blushing rose,  
Which all around its fragrance throws:  
But underneath the shady broom,  
**A lowly PANCY**, see her bloom.  
Unknit your brows then, Criticks!—smile!—  
And let this PANCY bloom a while.  
Without your storms, alas! 'twill creep,  
Poor harmless thing! to lasting sleep.—  
Forgotten too, your works shall lie;  
For Nettles, must like Pancies die.*

**All Affectation, I detest:—  
The TITLE's short, and suits me best.**



**TO MRS. PULHAM,**

**ON HER DRAWING THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT  
FOR THIS LITTLE PUBLICATION.**

---

SHOULD friend or foe, in carping strain,  
Declare the Author proud and vain,  
Sweet, lovely Artist, when they see,  
His Portrait here, as drawn by thee ;—  
The simple truth he needs must tell—  
He feels with pride his bosom swell :  
He's proud, you long have call'd him Friend ;  
He's proud, that you should condescend,  
Amidst your sweet domestic cares,  
To sketch his face and silvering hairs ;  
He's proud, prefix'd it here should stand—  
The Gift of Grace and Beauty's hand.





AN

## ELEGY,

ON THE AUTHOR's MOTHER,

WHO WAS BURIED IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF

*DUNICHEN, in SCOTLAND.*

---

Now night has wav'd her dusky banners round,  
The shadowing clouds sweep o'er the moon-  
light vale ;  
No noise is heard now save the murm'ring sound  
Of falling rivers and the whispering gale.

I lonely rove, indulging pensive woe,  
While hills, and glens, in sober weeds appear:  
My grief-swoln eyes with briny drops o'erflow,  
The **BEST OF MOTHERS** claims the filial tear.

Oh! how my soul was griev'd, when I let fall  
 The string\* that dropt her silent in the grave!  
 Yet thought I then, I heard her spirit call:—  
 “ Safe I have pass'd thro' death's o'erwhelm-  
 ing wave:

“ No more weigh'd down by feverish, cumbrous  
 clay,  
 “ In which, erewhile my spirit was enshrin'd,  
 “ As to my corse, these honours, sad you pay,  
 “ From sorrow free, I rove *immortal mind.*  
 “ Think on the precepts, I have often given;  
 “ Think on th' example which I strove to  
 show;

---

\* In Scotland, it is the custom of the relations of the deceased, themselves to let down the corpse into the grave, by mourning cords, fastened to the handles of the coffin: the chief mourner standing at the head, and the rest of the relations arranged according to their propinquity. When the coffin is let down and adjusted in the grave, the mourners first, and then all the surrounding multitude, uncover their heads:—there is no Funeral Service read—no oration delivered; but that solemn pause, for about the space of ten minutes, when every one is supposed to be meditating on death and immortality, always struck my heart in the most awful manner: never more than on the occasion here alluded to:—the sound of the cord, when it fell on the coffin, still seems to vibrate on my ear.

" So shall I meet thy sainted soul in heaven,  
 " When Death, at last, shall strike the unerring blow."

The humble virtues were in her display'd ;  
 And, while her breast glow'd with parental  
 love,  
 The paths of peace, she oft before me laid ;—  
 Those paths, which lead to happiness above.

Altho' her portion of the world was small,  
 Her liberal hand, she ever would extend,  
 Whene'er the poor did for a morsel call :—  
 " Heaven will repay "—she said—" what now  
 I lend."

No beggar pass'd her door without relief—  
 E'en to imposture she would something grant,  
 Lest, by mistake, some real worth in grief,  
 Should go unheeded, and feel pinching want,

When health was gone, as languishing she lay,  
 And hopes of life no longer now appear'd,—  
 What heavenly smiles did o'er her features play !  
 What soothing tones her friends attending  
 heard !

The young and gay she taught to fear their God,  
 And spoke of hopes and joys beyond the grave:

With meek submission kiss'd the chastening rod  
 While faith, undoubting, views celestial gave.

No more for **THEE**, lov'd **PARENT**, I'll lament,  
 That change, thou'st pass'd, we all must  
 undergo :—

With heaven-directed aim, thy life was spent,  
 Whilst *thou* didst journey thro' this vale of  
 woe.

Look down, blest Saint!—teach me to spend  
 my days,

As thou hast done, that we again may meet,  
 Midst countless hosts, to sing *the song of Praise*,  
 To **God Most HIGH**, and taste of bliss  
 complete.



## **H Y M N.**

**WRITTEN FOR THE USE OF CHILDREN.**

---

Hast thou beheld the glorious Sun  
Through all the skies his circuit run,  
At rising morn, at closing day,  
And when he beam'd his noon tide ray?

Say, didst thou e'er attentive view  
The evening cloud, the morning dew?  
Or, after rain, the watery bow  
Rise in the East, a beauteous show?

When darkness had o'erspread the skies,  
Hast thou e'er seen the moon arise,  
And with a mild and placid light  
Shed lustre o'er the face of night?

Hast thou e'er wander'd o'er the plain,  
And view'd the fields and waving grain,  
The flowery mead, the leafy grove,  
Where all is melody and love?

Hast thou e'er trod the sandy shore,  
And heard the restless ocean roar,  
When rous'd by some tremendous storm,  
Its billows rose in dreadful form?

Hast thou beheld the lightning stream  
 Thro' night's dark gloom, with sudden gleam,  
 While the bellowing thunder's sound  
 Roll'd rattling thro' the heaven's profound?

Hast thou e'er felt the cutting gale,  
 The sleety shower, the biting hail;  
 Beheld bright snow o'erspread the plains,  
 The water bound in icy chains?

Hast thou the various beings seen  
 That sport along the valley green,  
 That sweetly warble on the spray,  
 Or wanton in the sunny ray:

That shoot along the briny deep,  
 Or under ground their dwellings keep;  
 That thro' the gloomy forest range,  
 Or frightful wilds and deserts strange?

Hast thou the wondrous scenes survey'd,  
 That all around thee are display'd?  
 And hast thou never rais'd thine eyes  
 To **HIM** who bade these scenes arise?

'Twas **GOD** who form'd the concave sky,  
 And all the glorious orbs on high;  
 Who gave the various beings birth,  
 That people all the spacious earth.

'Tis HE that bids the tempest rise,  
And rolls the thunder thro' the skies :  
His voice the elements obey ;  
Thro' all the earth extends His sway.

His goodness all his creatures share,  
But MAN is His peculiar care ;  
Then, while they all proclaim His praise,  
Let MAN his voice the loudest raise.

---

#### ON A FORTUNATE LITTLE BOY,

*To whom, while he was keeping pigs in a lonely situation, LADY — and her SISTER, when they went to take their daily walks, regularly carried a supply of bread and cold meat.*

---

THRICE happy URCHIN, canst thou prize  
The Bounty, brings thee these supplies ?  
What Knight would not a Court forsake,  
Thy lowly station here to take ;  
And tend thy pigs in duffle grey,  
And clouted shoon, the live-long day —  
To see these FAIR ONES round him walk —  
And catch their smiles, and hear them talk !  
A place, too, in their breasts to share ! —  
Their lily hands his meal prepare ! —  
ELIJAH was by ravens fed ;  
But ANGELS bring thee daily bread !

ELEGIAC VERSES,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1774.

During the Illness of *Miss Sievwright*, Daughter of the  
*Rev. Norman Sievwright*, Minister of the English Chapel at  
**BRECHIN**, in Scotland.

---

EVENING had call'd the wearied to repose,  
My head upon the pillow too was laid ;  
But sleep could not my drenched eyelids close,  
Still—still I thought upon the dear sick maid.

Alas ! I cry'd, must lovely **SIEVWRIGHT** pine ?  
Must she endure Adversity's sharp fang ?  
O ! cannot Youth, nor Beauty in its prime ;  
Nor Virtue, ease the dire rheumatic\* pang !

---

\* This amiable young Lady, who then laboured under a rheumatic fever, never entirely recovered her health, and died a few years afterwards.—Her worthy Parents have both, long since, joined her in Heaven.

On the death of *Mr Sievwright*, the following short sketch of his Character, written by the Author, was inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine.

He was a sensible, unaffected, pleasing Preacher ; an affectionate husband, a tender father, a sincere friend ; and a pastor, unwearied in the discharge of the duties of his profession, and the offices of humanity. He was well skilled in physic, which

Ah ! they cannot—she's rack'd with torturing  
    pain,  
Who lately, with each grace and beauty, shone,  
The admiration of the neighbouring plain :—  
By her engaging mein each heart was won.

Her heaven-born soul, taught by religion, bears  
Her present ills, nor does she once repine :  
She fears not death, not the cold grave she fears,  
Convinc'd, she shall in heaven immortal shine.

rendered him eminently useful to the needy in their sickness ;  
as he was both their physician and divine. His temper was  
uncommonly serene and cheerful,—nothing seemed to ruffle it,  
and his look was full of gentleness and benignity. The only  
amusements of which he was fond, were, fishing, music, and  
gardening : the vegetables that came to his table, and the hops  
that flavoured his beer, were all raised by his own hand.

His income was very small,—not more, I believe, than  
forty-five pounds per annum, with a decent house and garden :  
yet on this income, scanty as it was, he brought up a family  
of seven children ; and gave them a good education. Some  
of the most luxurious meals the author of this paragraph ever  
enjoyed, have been at *Mr. Sievwright's* table, which was al-  
ways neat, however homely the fare : There he has enjoyed  
*the feast of reason, and the flow of soul.*

How sweet the memory of those precious hours ! but how  
bitter the reflection, that they are never to return !—Spirit of  
my early friend, my worthy Pastor, still hover round me !—  
be my guardian angel—recall the instructions thou hast given  
—and teach me to emulate thy virtues !

Beside her bed, her pious Father stands,  
Calm resignation beaming in his eye:  
Her tender mother wrings her trembling hands,  
While heaves her bosom with a mournful sigh.

All—all, who know her, eagerly enquire  
About her health, with sympathetic woe.  
Spare her! O Heaven! spare one, whom all  
admire!  
Behold the tears, which, for her welfare, flow.

Spare her! O spare her, for her Parents' sake;  
And tear her not from their fond circling arms!  
My bosom throbs—I, in their grief, partake—  
Oh! let not death yet blast her blooming charms.

*SONG.*

Hast thou not seen a tender flower  
Luxuriant rising in the bed;  
Whose slender stem had scarce the power  
To keep erect its lovely head:

Without support 'tis beaten down,  
And wanting shade, 'tis scorch'd and dies:  
Thus beauty fares that stands alone:  
A *HUSBAND* *strength* and *shade* supplies.

A Traditionary Tale.

---

THE sun on the bosom of ocean had sunk,  
The clouds in rich liveries were clad ;  
The owl sail'd away from the tree's hollow trunk ;  
The timid mice all to their narrow dens slunk,--  
To 'scape her fell talons right glad :

The paly lights flash'd now and then in the air,  
But no thunder was heard yet to sound ;  
The rooks, and the jays to their nests all repair,  
And the glow-worm lights up her lamp with  
fond care,  
As a signal where she may be found.

Lord BRANDON rode slowly the scenery to view,  
Faithful ANDREW was not far behind ;  
The clouds lost their purple, put on a grey hue,  
Then murky, and black, and portentous, they  
grew :—  
Lord BRANDON his way could not find.

At times, he rode down in a deep hollow glen,  
By and by, he rode up a steep hill ;  
But no clock could he hear, or the voices of men,  
He dreaded the precipice much, and the fen ;  
To his heart there oft ran a cold chill.

“ Good Andrew, what is to be done”—he now  
cries—

“ Shall we venture still on, or alight :”—  
That instant, the lightning stream'd over the  
skies—

A stately old Castle, with turrets he spies ;  
And his horse's head turn'd to the right.

The rain fell in torrents, the thunder 'gan roar,  
And the lightnings flash'd frequent around :  
They saw in what danger they'd just been before,  
O'er a steep rocky cliff in a few paces more,  
A most terrible death they had found.

The Castle with turrets, in safety they gain'd :  
Not a creature was there to be seen—  
Around it dead silence, and solitude reign'd :  
No vassals, carousing, *October* here drain'd—  
No archers appear'd all in green.

The lord of the house had long left *Britain's* isle,  
A Traitor to *Scotland's* good King—  
A band of fierce robbers oft haunted the pile,  
At distance from law, to divide all their spoil ;  
And sometimes to revel and sing.

Of this, both Lord *BRANDON* and *ANDREW*  
had fears,  
Tho' for valor none could them excel :

A light ANDREW struck, they saw helmets and  
spears—

In tatters, and dust, each old banner appears,  
Which had once rous'd the *Clan* to rebel.

They pac'd thro' the hall, and the banqueting  
room,—

All was desolate, dreary, and cold :  
Where light-hearted Beauty had danc'd in its  
bloom,  
Blank Horror now reign'd in a hideous gloom,  
That might freeze the heart-blood of the bold.

The thunder still roar'd, and the lightning still  
gleam'd—

On a sudden they heard a deep groan,—  
They hoped twas unreal, and deem'd they but  
dream'd—

Another groan echoed—some female it seem'd,  
And they heard her thus making her moan.

“ Shut up within these dreary walls,  
“ Reserv'd the brutal robber's prey—  
“ Oh ! may the lightning which now falls,  
“ Reduce, ere stain'd, this form to clay !

“ Was't not enough, my brother fell,  
“ Contending with the murderous band !—  
“ Must I their horrid triumph swell !  
“ Their Captain's foul embrace withstand.

“ Ah ! why did not my Father yield  
 “ To noble **BRANDON**’s ardent plea !  
 “ Lord **BRANDON** now had been my shield,  
 “ And set me from these ruffians free.”

With love, rage, and horror Lord **BRANDON**  
 now shook,  
 Resolv’d his **EULALE** to free—  
 He rush’d thro’ each room, with despair in his  
 look—  
 He tried every door, and examined each nook ;  
 But no entrance to her could he see.—

The prancing of horses now struck on their ear,  
 All the robbers rode in at the gate ;  
 Lord **BRANDON** and **ANDREW** heard them  
 coming near,  
 Extinguish’d their light, and, with trembling  
 and fear,  
 Hid behind an old Arras did wait.

The fire was lit up, and began fair to blaze,  
 And the board with abundance was spread—  
 The robbers drank deep, and himself each gan  
 praise,  
 What *Low-land Lairds* slain in their bloody  
 affrays ;  
 And each swore that he never knew dread.

The Captain grew cheerful, and talk'd of a song,  
 But first went his fair prisoner to see :  
 His men now got drunk, and their contests  
     grew strong—  
 Each swore that his comrade had done him  
     much wrong—  
 'Bout their plunder, they could not agree.

Still louder, and stronger, their contests arose—  
 With joy their disputes ANDREW heard :—  
 Behind the old arras, he stript off his clothes,  
 Some phosphoric matter, and blacking he chose,  
     And his body all over he smear'd.

Then slyly crept forth, and his station he took,  
 Like a demon of darkness in flame,  
 Behind all their backs, in a gloomy dark nook :  
 The thunder redoubled, the old castle shook—  
     A horrible dread all o'ercame.

They trembled each limb, while they laugh'd  
     at a hell ;  
 Yet some swore that they ghosts oft had seen,  
 Of *wraiths*, *witches*, *kelpies*, strange wonders  
     they tell ;  
 Again 'bout their plunder to contest they fell—  
     Wish'd the *devil* might decide them between.

*I'm here, Andrew cry'd,—they look'd round  
     with amaze—*

*I'm here, and the cause will decide:—*  
 They spied the *black spectre*, all in a pale blaze,  
 To 'scape from his clutches, they fled different  
 ways,—  
 Out at doors, and at windows they hied.

While some broke a neck, and while some  
 broke a limb,

Lord **BRANDON** possess'd all their arms:  
 Then rush'd like a lion, with ire fierce and grim,  
 The gallery along, where a lamp glimmer'd dim,  
 Slew their Captain amidst these alarms.

**EULALE** he rescued—the cash **ANDREW** seiz'd,  
 And on horseback they got with full speed:  
 The sun arose bright, every storm was appeas'd,  
 The lark, and the linnet sang sweet as if pleas'd,  
 To see them ride over the mead.

O'er hill, and thro' vale, the fond lovers now go,  
 All nature rejoic'd as they past:—  
 Their hearts, and their eyes, with sweet rapture  
 o'erflow;  
 They bow'd to that **POWER**, who thro' *terror*  
 and *woe*,  
 Had led them to *bliss* at the last.

82.

### THE SCOTCH BRIDAL.

---

THREE harvests, now, with Jenny by his side,  
Had sprightly Jock, with glee and boastful pride  
The heavy toil of reaping well sustain'd :  
And *kemping* \* oft, the *kemp* they still had gain'd.  
Still far before was lovely Jenny seen ;  
Her *cats* † were neatly laid, her stible clean :  
Whene'er she look'd around, his chearful smile  
Beam'd on her eye, and thus deceiv'd her toil.  
At dinner seated, each lad near his lass,  
While swift the hour, in romps and jest did pass ;  
Still sprightly Jock, shew'd by his amorous air,  
He thought his Jean the fairest of the fair.

Thus mutual labour and esteem had long  
Fast bound their hearts, and made affection  
strong.

---

\* Contending who should first finish the reap.

† In Scotland it is usual for the women to reap as well as the men. They choose their partners for the harvest ; each *by the lass he loves* takes his station in the field—the maid takes part of the reap, and goes on before, leaving what corn she cuts in small heaps, called *cats*, which when her partner comes up, he adds to his sheaf.

Their cot was rear'd, the clay-wrought floor was  
laid—

The bed, and chairs, stools, tongs and crook  
were made;

And ilka thing in order ta'en its place,  
That useful was, or serv'd their cot to grace.  
Thrice had the **DOMINE** their love proclaim'd,  
And winsday neest was for the wedding nam'd:  
The bonny Bridegroom and his winsom Bride,  
To *bid* their friends had gang'd the country wide,  
That futh o' cheer, and mickle sport and play,  
And merry dance, might bless the Bridal-Day.  
The Bride's, and Bridegroom's feet were wash-  
en clean,—

The common frolic of the Bridal-E'en.—

Where bath'd the Bride, the water sacred grown,  
A silver piece, by her fair hand is thrown:  
The bonny lasses now all strive amain,  
And plounce, and splash, the precious prize to  
gain;

For she, who first the treasure can secure,  
Is next a bride,—each lass believes it sure.

Ere to the Kirk, next morn the pair can go,  
The Bride and Bridegroom's *sends* pass to and fro  
The *Forthgain* now succeeds, all full of glee—  
Save just one timid tear, that blinds the Bride's  
fair e'e.

Whilst they are marching forth in best array,  
The fiddles, and the bagpipes sweetly play:

*O ! their bonny—O ! their bra'*  
*O ! their bonny breast-knots :*  
*Tight and bonny are they a'*  
*When they get on their breast-knots.*

Now in the Kirk, Bridegroom and Bride appear,  
 Some douce advice from grave Mass-John they  
 hear ;

That they in love, and chastity must live,  
 And mutual aid in health, and sickness, give ;  
 If heav'n to bless their loves should bairns bestow  
 That they must teach them their *chief end*\* to  
 know ;

If to their bed should children be denied,  
 Still they must love, nor one the other chide ;  
 And while the husband strives, by constant toil,  
 To gain them bread, the wife must nothing spoil,  
 Nor gad abroad,—but with a thrifty care,  
 The frugal meal, and canty fire prepare.

This service o'er, the company anon,—  
 The Laird and Lady too, and eke Mass-John,  
 To dinner, all right chearfully repair :  
*Skink, soup, and haggis—roast, and boil'd, their  
 fare :*

For the guid Laird, who Jockey loves and Jean,  
 To make them glad, a bullock hale has gi'en :

---

\* Alluding to the first question of the Scotch Catechism,  
*What is the chief end of Man ?*

The neebor farmers add a sheep or twa ;  
 And scarce a cock is left around to craw.—  
 The dinner done, the ale goes quickly round,  
 And now the dancers bragly foot the ground :  
 Gin bra' the day, they dance upon the green,  
 Near by the tents whare they ha' feasting been ;  
 Gin lowering clouds, forgathering in the sky,  
 With angry sough proclaim, a storm is nigh,  
 To the neest barns, a rantin, merry thrang,—  
 With pipes and fiddles, a' the dancers gang.—  
 Ilk lad his lass salutes ere they begin  
 To reel or set, not think it ony sin.  
 Of dancing tir'd, they aften steal away,  
 Out-o'er the lea, amang the broom to stray ;  
 Or 'mang the birks, whare rins the burnie clear,  
 The Laddy leads the Lassy, saft to speer,  
 With kisses sweet, when she will name the day,  
 To make him blest, and all the country gay.

The Bride-maids now the Bridal-bed prepare—  
 Sometimes unken'd, their ain sweet-hearts are  
 there,  
 To see the Bride, when by her maids undress'd,  
 With burning cheeks, and with a throbbing  
 breast.—  
 The Bridegroom comes, in burst a motley thrang.  
 'Till they be gane, I wat weel he thinks lang.  
 To his impatience they nae mercy shaw—  
 They crack their jokes, eat, drink, the stocking  
 thraw :

At last with some reluctance they retire,  
 And Jocky's blest, with all his soul's desire.—  
 Sweet are their slumbers, saft is their repose !  
 Chaste wedded love alone such rapture knows.

Neest morn, ere yet the loving pair arise,  
 Their friends come in, to wish them lasting joys ;  
 And all, before they from the chamber go,  
 Some present on the new-wed folks bestow.  
 This joyfu' day gangs by the name *Infair*,  
 When all again to feast and dance repair :  
 The Bride and Bridegroom dance, and as they  
 reel,

From some sly nook, out comes a heavy *creel*,  
 Fill'd fu' o' stanes, which billies keen prepare,  
 And on the Bridegroom hang with stealthy care :  
 All shout with laughter, the droll sight to see ;  
 Nor must the Bridegroom try himself to free ;  
 But, if the Bride be with her partner pleas'd,  
 She cuts the rope, and he is quickly eas'd.

Syne o'er some other wight the creel is thrown ;  
 Gif ony lass, the lad, her sweet-heart own,  
 She cuts the rope, as did the Bride before,  
 Down draps the creel, and a' his toil is o'er :  
 The lovely maiden to his breast is prest—  
 Their mutual passion publickly confess.

But ah ! if any luckless lad be there,  
 Who has not won the heart of any fair,

Lang may he dance, sair laid'en wi' the *creel*,  
 'Till a' for him a general pity feel ;  
 And while he does beneath the burden groan,  
 He finds it is not good for man to be alone.

Nae happier pair has Scotland seen,  
 Than sprightly Jock, and bonny Jean ;  
 When nine sweet months had o'er them gane,  
 Poor Jenny ! she began to grane ;  
 Her pangs were sharp, and soon were o'er,  
 A lovely child to Jock she bore :  
 The pretty urchin oft I've seen,  
 A skipping, barefoot, on the green ;  
 When she has turn'd her spinning wheel,  
 Close to her side, I've seen him steal,  
 And bring his little bra' new book,  
 In which he took delight to look.

Jean was both sensible and kind—  
 Knew how to form the infant mind ;  
 And still 'twas one of her chief cares  
 To hear him duly say his prayers.  
 Such lessons she gave him to read,  
 As form'd him to each virtuous deed.  
 All **SCRIPTURE**, sacred she believ'd,  
 With pious awe, each word receiv'd ;  
 Yet still those chapters would select,  
 Which on young minds have most effect :  
 How earth, first out of chaos, rose ;  
 How high o'er hills the deluge flows :

The simple patriarchal life—  
How ISAAC went to meet his wife :  
How JOSEPH in the pit was cast ;  
Yet next to PHAROAH, rose at last :  
How sheep in deserts, MOSES fed ;  
How HE, thro' deserts, Israel led :  
How Sinai's mount, being all in flame,  
The stoutest heart with dread o'ercame :  
From Pisgah's top, how MOSES view'd,  
The promis'd land, to be subdued :  
How JOSHUA to him succeeds,  
And ISRAEL's sons thro' Jordan leads :  
How SAMPSON Dagon's house pull'd down :  
How JESSE's son obtain'd a crown :  
How in the cave ELIJAH stood,  
When Israel's monarch sought his blood,  
While a strong wind the mountains rent,  
And hardest rocks, in shivers, went ;  
And, after the tremendous blast,  
Earthquake, and fire, in order past,  
Before the LORD himself appear'd—  
Anon, a still small voice is heard,  
Which, as the prophet veils his eyes,  
*What does thou here, Elijah?* cries :  
How when his servant was dismay'd  
By Syria's bands, ELISHA pray'd  
To ope the trembling young man's eyes :  
Who then, around the mount espies,  
Horses, and chariots, all of fire ;  
From whom all human hosts retire :

How, HOLY MEN tho' cast in flame,  
 Unscorch'd from out the furnace came :  
 How DANIEL 'scap'd the lions' power,  
 Who could not that good man devour.

These and such lessons, oft she chose :  
 Still more to learn his bosom glows.  
 When in the Gospel he has read,  
 How JESUS was to suffering led,  
 The sympathetic tear, you'd spy,  
 Stand in his lively sparkling eye.  
 No book is like the BIBLE penn'd,  
 To wake the fancy, or the heart to mend.

O SCOTIA, my dear native soil,  
 May pleasures pure thy cares beguile !  
 Still blest be every Bridal-Day !  
 Thy children clad in bra' array.  
 Nae mare perhaps I sall thee see—  
 I feel the water blin my e'e ;  
 Still ceaseless for thee I shall pray—  
 May innocence still keep thee gay !  
 Still may thy *Cotters* say their prayers ;  
 And heavenly raptures drown their cares !



## SONG.

---

My sweet bonny Lassy, what say you?  
Shall we build a cot of our own?—  
Consider, dear girl, now I pray you,  
Ere youth, and ere beauty be flown.  
If the night-mare, by chance should oppress you,  
And lie on your breast like a stone,  
A HUSBAND would wake and caress you:—  
'Tis *easy*\* to lie all alone!

When floods are from rock to rock dashing,  
And mountains themselves deeply groan,  
The trees, wildly toss'd, loudly crashing,  
And viewless sprites shriek in shrill tone;—  
A HUSBAND, on tuneful pipe playing,  
Would drown all the storm with his drone,  
While the maid is a quaking, and saying,—  
'Tis *easy* to lie all alone!

---

\* *Easy* means that kind of horror which arises from solitude, and the superstitious dread of apparitions.

S O N G .

---

UNDERNEATH this shady tree,  
Safely we may rest awhile :  
Come, my MAIA, sit by me,  
Converse sweet will time beguile.  
Here then, let us moralize,  
As the fleeting shadow flies !  
Life, thus quickly, fleets away :  
Let us then, enjoy to day !

See ! yon rye-field's wavy motion,  
As the shadows o'er it sweep ;  
Like the surface of the ocean,  
When no storm disturbs the deep.  
As light breezes o'er it stray,  
See ! it dances, green and gay !  
Like the breeze life hastes away :  
Let us then, enjoy to day !

See ! the grey-pease' purple bloom,  
Far more pleasing to the eye,  
Than whate'er the Tyrian loom  
Wove, tho' dipt in richest dye.  
Soon those beauteous tints will fade ;  
Soon those blossoms all be dead :  
Thus too must thy bloom decay !  
Let us then, enjoy to day !

A PICTURE OF ARRAN MANNERS:

A True Story.

---

A Student once, in search of knowledge,  
Left EIRIN for AULD REEKEY's College,  
Where he heard lectures long :  
Again he wanted to repass  
The Channel, not on *horse of brass*, †  
*Balloon*, or *Dragon* strong ;

But in a common trading ship,  
Which soon the hardy tars equip,  
And with fair wind set sail :  
But ah ! ere they had gotten far,  
The elements began to jar,  
And adverse blew the gale.

Loud roar'd the wind among the shrouds,  
High swell'd the wave, dark were the clouds,  
And heavy was the rain ;  
Fast rose the water in the hold,  
This way and that, their eyes they roll'd,  
And sought a port to gain.

---

† Alluding to the old Romances.

The isle of *Arran* rose to view;—  
 The ship got in—glad were the crew:  
     Here several huts they found;  
 But ah! they could procure no meat,  
 Or little else that they could eat,  
     For barren was the ground.

Our student left the ship and shore,  
 Th' interior regions to explore,  
     And see what they'd afford;  
 If haply food of any kind,  
 Or fowls, or eggs, he there might find,  
     To store their scanty board.

Ere long he found a little cot,  
 Where ten or twelve fresh eggs he got;  
     And lest he these should break,  
 Some straw he wisely did provide,  
 With care in's handkerchief them ty'd,  
     Then on his stick did take.

Yet still these eggs were all too few  
 To satisfy a whole ship's crew;—  
     Some more he fain would find:  
 A little farther on he spied  
 A few thatch'd hamlets scatter'd wide,—  
     To reach these he'd a mind.

But soon a river cross'd his way,  
 And forc'd him on its brink to stay,

While it roll'd on a main,  
 Fed by innumerable rapid rills,  
 Which tumbled from the neighbouring hills,  
 Swell'd by the recent rain.

Upon the margin of the flood,  
 Deep lost in thought awhile he stood,  
 Nor wist he what to do :  
 With anxious eye he look'd around,  
 No bridge he saw—no steps he found—  
 How was he to get through ?

The RIVER-GOD with ardent prayer,  
 He thrice invok'd, him cross to bear :—  
 No RIVER-GOD appear'd ;  
 For he lay slumbering in the mud,  
 Nor rais'd his head—as sure he would,  
 If he the prayer had heard.

Tho' disappointed and perplex'd,  
 Still he had hope, invoking next,  
 The GODDESS of the *Isle* :  
 With joy he found this latest prayer  
 Was not dispers'd in empty air—  
 The GODDESS deign'd to smile.

Then quickly two of her fair *train*  
 Came, barefoot, tripping o'er the plain,  
 Th' imploring Youth to aid :

One of the *Maids* tuck'd up her clothes,  
Nor blush'd her well-form'd limbs t' expose,  
But straight across did wade.

The Student gaz'd with glad surprise,  
And scarce could credit his own eyes ;  
But thought 'twas all a dream.  
*What shall I do, sweet Nymph !—he said—*  
*Come on my back,—replied the maid :—*  
Thus safe he pass'd the stream.

Ye lovely Fair ! by Fashion dress'd,  
Whose snowy limbs full robes invest,  
Be not too rash to blame  
This friendly act :—the *Arran Maid*,  
In virgin innocence array'd,  
Was free from guilty shame.

---

**Epigram,**

ON THE SALE OF CHURCH PREFERMENTS.

---

VICE want creates, Want cursed lust of gold ;  
And the PRIEST's portion's meanly bought and  
sold.

TO MY DAUGHTER ALISON,

ON BAPTISING HER AFTER ALEXANDER  
ALISON, ESQ. OF EDINBURGH.

---

UPON the world's wide ocean early cast,  
Thy Father was exposed to every blast ;  
'Reft of his Sire, ere he could lisp his name,  
To form his heart, or wayward passions tame ;  
Yet still, a tender Mother's pious care  
Guarded his infant-years from every snare ;  
But ah ! too soon, she left this world, to join  
Her long lost Partner in the realms divine.  
Then Danger and Temptation stalk'd around,  
And frosty Want, with blasting visage, frown'd :  
The love of Learning, Virtue, and of Fame  
Inspir'd him still, and these fell Fiends o'ercame.  
As the glad traveller, who at distance views  
His wish'd-for home, the rugged path pursues  
With ardent steps, nor fears approaching night,  
While fancied scenes of friends belov'd invite :  
So he, regardless of his present state,  
All dangers spurn'd, with rising hope elate.  
But ah ! without a guide, he might have stray'd,  
Or by a false companion been betray'd ;  
But Providence, before he wander'd far,  
His steps conducted, by a friendly star.

To ALISON,—who, with a generous heart,  
 Did needful aid, and sage advice impart :  
 Directed how each dangerous path to shun ;  
 How, with applause, the race of Life to run ;  
 How Learning's steep ascent he best might gain,  
 He, thus instructed, has not toil'd in vain :  
 The misty vale retiring he beholds ;  
 And as he mounts, each step new charms  
 unfolds.

To heaven, Dear Infant, now thy parents raise  
 Their swelling voice in songs of grateful praise,  
 And bless the Providence, that lent them friends  
 When most they needed, and them still defends.  
 Their just esteem for ALISON to show,  
 His name respected, they on thee bestow.

O ! may his virtues too adorn thy mind !  
 A friend in him, the friendless ever find :  
 Sincere devotion lifts his soul on high :  
 And mild humanity illumines his eye :  
 Celestial truth his every step attends :—  
 Long may he bless the public, and his friends !  
 If length of days to thee, sweet Babe, be given,  
 Live as he lives, then soar with him to heaven.



VERSES;

IN ANSWER TO A LADY,

*Who enquired of the Author, on his speaking with admiration  
of the late REV. RICHARD HARRISON, Minister of Brompton  
Chapel, as a Pulpit orator, whether his virtues as a MAN,  
equalled his powers as a PREACHER.*

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1777.

---

'Tis not the *Preacher* that I most admire ;  
Tho' sweet, sublime, fraught with celestial fire,  
He charms the ear—can melt the frozen heart ;  
Can soothe the mourner—rapturous joys impart.

Arm'd with heaven's terror, he the guilty  
wounds ;

Describes the horrors, which grim death sur-  
rounds,

When he arrives, the astonish'd soul to tear  
From all it loves, and plunge in deep despair ;  
The biting anguish, sharp envenom'd stings,  
That pierce the conscience, when the vital strings  
Of harden'd sinners can no longer play,  
And life's short joys to lasting gloom gives way.

He points the sinner to the Sacrifice,  
By whose atonement all may reach the skies ;  
If they will hear the message from above,  
And not reject a bleeding Saviour's love.

Heaven-sent, he comes to teach a sinful age,  
 To strengthen virtue, check wild passion's rage ;  
 His eye, like lightning, darts into the soul,  
 While his deep tones, like heaven's own thunders, roll.

His manner, powers and precepts, others praise ;  
 They love his doctrines, who love virtue's ways :  
 I too, with rapture, join the listening throng,  
 And catch the tuneful accents of his tongue ;  
 But still the *Man*, more than the *Preacher*, love ;  
 Who, guided by the *Wisdom from above*,  
 Is gentle, mild, meek, humble and humane—  
 Relieves the needy, soothes the sick man's pain ;  
 And shews his faith, by *actions* so benign,  
 That *they* preach more, than does **THE GREAT**  
 Villain **DIVINE**,

**THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER;**

**A Hymn.**

Soldier of **CHRIST** ! the trumpet sounds,  
 Let dauntless deeds, thy faith declare :  
 The host of **Hell**, thy tent surrounds—  
 For battle then thyself prepare.

Let not soft slumber weigh thee down,  
 Of Satan's wily arts beware :  
 Thy **CAPTAIN** calls thee to renown—  
 For battle then thyself prepare.

By sacred oath thou hast agreed  
 To bear **HIS** arms,—**HIS** habit wear :  
 He'll heal thy wounds, if thou shouldst bleed—  
 For battle then thyself prepare.—

TEMPTATIONS STRONG IN AMBUSH LAID,  
 Beset thy march with many a snare :  
 Look up, and see the **CROSS** display'd,  
 And where it flies, for fight prepare.

IN CHRIST THY **CAPTAIN** BE THOU STRONG,  
 Fatigue, and toil, and pain to bear :  
 For thee thy **CAPTAIN** bore each wrong—  
 For battle then thyself prepare.

IN GLORY **HE** NOW REIGNS ON HIGH,  
 Yet still to earth extends **HIS** care :  
 Put on then **HIS** whole *Panoply* :  
 For triumph, thro' **HIS** blood prepare.



## AN ADDRESS

*To the Right Rev. Dr. LOWTH,*

**LORD BISHOP OF LONDON,**

Occasioned by a report of his Lordship's death, having appeared in the public papers.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1782.

---

FEARFUL, O LOWTH! lest I should **THEE**  
offend,  
With trembling hand, these grateful lines are  
penn'd ;  
But when *Report* had **THEE** to *Death* consign'd ;  
When, baseless all, this mournful tale, I find—  
Respectful boldness conquers every fear :  
The *Meed* I bring, tho' humble, is sincere.

When wide of late the heavy tidings ran,  
That **THOU** wert gone, thus I my *plaint* began :  
“ Alas ! what are we ! and how short our days !  
“ How soon the most majestic form decays !  
“ That eye, which late proclaim'd the feeling  
heart,  
“ No more shall joy, or sorrow now impart :

“ Tho’ once illum’d by **GENIUS**’ brightest ray,  
 “ ’Tis dark, ’tis clos’d—the diamond’s chang’d  
 to clay.

“ **GENIUS** sublime, nor **LEARNING** deep can  
 save,

“ Their frail possessor from the yawning grave.  
 “ Could truest worth, or knowledge turn aside,  
 “ The shaft of *Death*, O **LOWTH**, thou hadst  
 not died.

“ Yet shall thy matchless works immortal live ;  
 “ Nor *Death*, nor Time to them, a wound can  
 give. ”

As thus I spoke, methought a flood of light  
 Pour’d on my eyes: a **FORM**, divinely bright,  
 Upon a fleecy cloud appear’d to rise,  
 While Angels, choiring, bore **IT** thro’ the skies :  
 Thro’ azure paths, as they their way pursue,  
 Each glowing orb beams brighter on their view :  
 At their approach Heaven’s portals open wide,  
 And radiant Seraphs range on either side.

“ ’Tis **LOWTH**! ’tis **LOWTH**! ” the guardian  
 Angels cry :

“ Thrice welcome **LOWTH**! ” all Heaven’s  
 bright host reply :

**MOSES**, and **DAVID**, **AMOZ**’ lofty son,  
 With all Heaven’s host, each from a golden  
 throne,

Arise to greet **HIM**, with their songs sublime :  
 A harp they give :—**HE** joins the choir divine.

See! with what speed yon **VIRGIN CHERUB** flies,  
 " Come to my arms ! " \* the joyful Father cries,  
 " O my **MARIA**, can this holy place,  
 " Yield higher joys, than thus to view thy face :  
 " Than thus to fold thee ever in my arms,  
 " And gaze, with rapture, on thy heavenly  
 charms."

" **FATHER OF MERCIES** ! if such ardent love  
 " Be deem'd a crime, in these pure realms above,  
 " Forgive the crime ! yet in the vale below,  
 " By **THEE** 'tis given, to mitigate our woe."  
 Th' **ETERNAL GOD**, with approbation views—  
 His smile is Heaven—here stop my daring muse!

Thus *fancy's* shapings taught e'en grief to charm,  
 Taught mingling passions, sorrow to disarm :  
 Truth, bursting forth, bade us no more bewail,  
 And glad report revok'd the gloomy tale.  
 How was my soul delighted, when I knew,  
**ELIJAH'S CAR** had not yet come for **you** ;  
 That **you** still live, the glory of our age,  
 Wise, learn'd, and good, 'mongst sages, the  
 most sage.—

---

\* Alluding to the Epitaph inscribed to the memory of his  
 Daughter,

" Cara redi, læta tum dicam voce, paternos  
 " Eja age in amplexus, cara Maria, redi."

But ah! what pain! what anguish has been thine!  
 Yet proved by these, thy virtues fairer shine.  
 May blooming health to **THEE** return again,  
 And banish'd far be Sickness, Grief, and Pain!  
 Thy learned labor long mayst thou pursue:  
 Much hast thou done—still there is much to do.  
 Thy *Grammer*, **LOWTH**, thy native tongue refines:

In every page, Taste, Learning, Genius, shines.  
 In Roman strains thou singst, as Romans sung:  
 A sweeter lyre, **VIRGIL**, nor **HORACE** strung.  
 As thou translat'st **ISAIAH**'s *raptur'd song*,  
 The mists disperse—bright visions round us  
 throng.

Such lofty strains call forth the inmost soul:  
 Now soft, now loud, like thunder now they roll.  
 We read—we feel—we with the Prophet rise,  
 Look thro' all time, and mount into the skies.



AN OFFERING OF RESPECT,  
*At the Grave of Mrs. SHELLY.*

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1784.

*"In her tongue was the law of kindness." PROV.*

IF e'er, blest Spirit! from the realms of light,  
On some bright golden beam thou tak'st thy  
flight,

To visit those, who once to thee were dear,  
To soothe the rising sigh, or wipe the falling tear;  
Perhaps e'en now, while evening closes round,  
While Friendship's tears bedew that hallow'd  
ground,

Whose bosom cold thy lifeless frame contains,  
While murmuring winds breathe hollow mourn-  
ful strains;

Perhaps e'en now, thou SHELLY, mayst recline  
On yonder cloud, whose skirts with purple shine:  
Oh then thou wilt, with eye benign, survey  
This humble tribute, which to thee I pay.

All flattery thou, bright Angel, wouldst disdain;  
Nor needs there flattery now to swell the strain:  
Thy gentle Virtues far excell'd all praise;  
Yet would I, in these plain and artless lays,  
Some likeness of thy lovely mind pourtray,  
Tho' none can fully all its worth display.

Thy pious MOTHER, much by thee rever'd,  
 Was sweetly by thy filial fondness cheer'd.  
 How have I seen thee sit and watch her eye,  
 To see what wishes there thou mightst espy,  
 Then eager run, and all thy care employ,  
 To do whate'er might give her bosom joy.

How did thy breast with each fine feeling glow !  
 How strong the tide of thy affection flow !  
 In the kind wishes of thy gentle heart,  
 Each of thy SISTERS held an equal part.  
 When o'er thy WICKSTEAD hung the clouds of  
 care,

And dark Affliction sadden'd all the air,  
 How did the light of thy kind love illume,  
 And cheer her soul amidst th' oppressive gloom !  
 But not in the afflictive hour alone,  
 The pleasing virtues of the sister shone :  
 When cheerful mirth the moments did beguile,  
 They lent a beam to brighten every smile.

In each relation of domestic life,  
 As Daughter, Sister, Mother, Friend, and Wife,  
 Bright as an Angel's from the realms above,  
 Appear'd thy gentle tenderness and love.  
 Thy weeping widow'd PARTNER best can tell  
 Thy dutious meekness, which he knew so well,  
 Thy courteous mildness, and desire to please,  
 Which made life's stream glide smoothly on  
 with ease.

No boisterous passion e'er disturb'd thy breast ;  
 No angry word e'er robb'd his mind of rest.  
**Did** Disappointment's adverse billows roll,  
 Thy pleasing converse soothed to peace his soul,  
 Tho' sorrow oft would in thy bosom rise,  
 When thy sweet infants sought their native skies ;  
 Tho' oft the tear stood trembling in thine eye,  
 And oft would heave the half suppressed sigh :  
 Tho' harsh and bitter was the cup, yet still,  
 Thou wert submissive to thy **FATHER**'s will.

Say blessed Spirit, while you freely rove  
 Through the bright climes of happiness above,  
 Hast thou beheld amongst those cherubs fair,  
 Who've early 'scap'd from toil, and grief, and  
 care,

The lovely Innocent for whom I mourn ?  
**O** my lov'd **WILLIAM**, thou wilt ne'er return  
 With thy sweet smiles to bless my longing eyes !  
 Yet,—yet I trust to meet thee in the skies.

---

**Epitaph,**

**ADOPTED BY HER WIDOWED PARTNER.**

HER mortal part is here to dust consign'd,  
 O'er which I drop the tributary tear :  
 Her's was a gentle, tender, feeling mind ;  
 Each word, each act did her still more endear.

Love's ardent lamp still brighten'd as it shone,  
 Each fleeting moment brought us fresh delight:  
 Alas! I've lost **HER**; but to heaven **SHE**'s gone,  
 To shine for ever in the realms of light.

Those tender **PLEDGES** of our mutual love,  
 Which **SHE** has left, be mine the task to rear:  
 Perhaps, unseen, descending from above,  
 To aid me still my **MARTHA** may be near.

---

*C A N Z O N E T.*

*On the recovery of the Author's Wife after a  
 bad Illness.*

**HENCE** anxious doubt and gloomy care!  
 No longer my poor bosom tear.  
 Hence! to your murky cells away!  
 Bright joy and love shall rule to day.  
 No longer **MAIA** my loved wife  
 Hangs in suspence 'tween death and life:  
 No more her loins are rack'd with pain;  
 No more the fever burns her brain:  
 No more she sleepless wastes the night,  
 Or only sleeps to wake with fright.  
 No more my mind is fill'd with fears;  
 No more my eyes bedim'd with tears.  
 Once more she to the Church repairs,  
 To pour her soul in thanks and prayers.

*August 5, 1785.*

VERSES,

ON THE PLEASURES OF PHILOSOPHIC AND  
RELIGIOUS CONTEMPLATION.

WITH feeble hand, I touch that sacred lyre,  
Which YOUNG, and MILTON, struck with  
heavenly fire.

While I attempt those *pleasures* pure to sing,  
Which from *Religious Contemplation* spring ;  
Whene'er her votary casts his ravish'd eye  
Thro' nature's works, in earth, or sea, or sky.  
To those, who pleasure love, I'd gladly show,  
The limpid source whence lasting pleasures flow.

Sublime the thoughts, Philosophy inspires,  
When we survey the rolling heavenly fires !  
Behold the sun—resplendent globe of light !  
Pour forth the day, in beams divinely bright.  
What mortal e'er his nature has explain'd ?  
Or how, on his own centre, he's sustain'd ?  
See ! all his train of *planets* round him roll—  
Say—what that *heat*, which animates the whole ?  
Among the planets, moves this *earthly ball*,  
Where History notes what empires rise and fall :  
Around this rolls, the silver *queen of night*,  
Who shines resplendent in her borrow'd light :

She gently o'er the wond'rous deep presides,  
And, by attraction swells the restless tides.

The *solar system* fills thee with surprize!—  
Myriad's of suns bespangle all the skies: and  
Around which other opaque planets run. *baA*  
To what a point, shrink, planets, earth and sun!  
—Ambitious mortals! who, to raise a name,  
Disturb mankind—how circumscrib'd your  
fame!

The greatest monarch, that can mount a throne,  
To many nations, still remains unknown.—  
But should thy name o'er all the globe extend,  
Some blasting tale would still thy praise attend:  
And what's this globe?—it only shines a star,  
To some few planets, glimmering from a-far:—  
How small it seems!—does now thy fancy glow,  
And long'st thou more of these bright worlds  
to know?

Here Science stops; nor can a **NEWTON** tell,  
What varied beings, in those mansions dwell:  
A planet's motion, size, he may explain;  
But never can to such a power attain:  
Each leaf that quivers on the mountain trees,  
Each blade that bends beneath the summer  
breeze,  
A tiny world, for insect youth, appears;  
Hence peopled, we conclude, are all these  
starry spheres.

Our fancy still remains upon the wing,  
 And ardent mounts, but can no tidings bring.  
 All human science is, alas! confin'd ;  
 And matter still impedes the soaring mind.  
 But, tho' we cannot mount into the skies,  
 And range from world, to world, with new  
 surprise ;  
 Tho' life's horizon now our prospects bound,  
 And perfect knowledge cannot here be found ;  
 Yet true Philosophy from darkness clears  
 The enquiring mind, and dissipates its fears :  
 Enough we know, to raise the highest joy,  
 And all our faculties and powers employ :  
 Enough, to know, that an **ALMIGHTY HAND**,  
 Alone, could this vast universe have plann'd.

And while the *sceptic*, who thro' half learn'd  
 pride,  
 With impious tongue, religion dares deride,  
 Sinks down in disappointment's sullen gloom,  
 Nor hopes, in future worlds, again to bloom ;  
 But wishes that existence here may end,  
 While doubt and fear his trembling soul suspend,  
 Religion opes a vista to the skies,  
 Thro' which the *Christian* darts his ravish'd  
 eyes ;—  
 With pleasing hope, looks forward to the time,  
 When he amongst the heavenly host shall shine :  
 Shall feel his faculties each hour improve,  
 And bathe in streams of lasting bliss above:

Shall see the *self-existent* MAKER stand,  
 And wheel the spheres by his divine command :  
 HE all their movements views at one survey,  
 While countless myriads his behests obey.  
 These lofty thoughts expand the pious mind,  
 Which pants, to leave its cumbrous mate behind,  
 And prostrate fall before th' eternal throne,  
 And HIM adore who reigns supreme alone.

But other prospects now before us rise,  
 Blue lightnings flash, loud thunders rend the  
 skies.

Behold LORENZO, trembling and afraid  
 In spite of pride, invoke Religion's aid !  
 He thinks he sees th' infernal gulph below,  
 And that each peal will deal the wrathful blow.  
 Not so PHILANDER, who serene surveys,  
 With lifted eye, the heavens around him blaze :  
 While peals redoubling seem to rock the pole,  
 The most sublime emotions fill his soul :  
 He trusts each bolt will o'er him harmless fly ;  
 But should they strike he's not afraid to die.

LORENZO fears not GOD, yet dreads dark  
 night,  
 Him ghosts, and tombs, and hollow sounds  
 affright.  
 Fool hardy thing ! canst thou th' Almighty brave,  
 Yet courage want to view a peaceful grave !

What is there so terrific 'mongst the dead ?  
 Dost thou thy wish—*annihilation*—dread ?  
 Or says thy fear—some ghastly corse will rise,  
 With bloodless visage, and with hollow eyes ;  
 And shake its head, its clattering right hand rear,  
 Ope its stiff jaws, and thunder in thine ear :—  
*Repent, and live !—repent before too late !*  
*There's no repentance in a future state !*

If wakeful Conscience, from the vast profound,  
 Thus phantoms raise, and bid them stalk around,  
 Some hope remains, the lamp of virtue may  
 Still light thy footsteps to the realms of day :—  
 Much may he hope, whose conscience always  
     wakes,  
 And her dread lash, whene'er he stumbles shakes ;  
 But if thy conscience, crimes no more, upbraid,  
 And drop her scourge, and nought make thee  
     afraid—  
 All hope extinguish'd—thy best guard asleep—  
 Headlong thou plungest in the gloomy deep.—

But see PHILANDER—how serene he roams,  
 Tho' thunders roar, amongst the dreary tombs :  
 He fears no ghost, in sable shroud array'd :  
 Not all night's horrors make his soul dismay'd :  
 Yet o'er his heart a solemn awe there steals—  
 His every nerve, a gentle thrilling feels—  
 His blood in smooth, but rapid current flows ;  
 His frame, all o'er, with quick sensation glows :

And while he muses on that awful state,  
Where kings, and beggars, share an equal fate,  
A sea of thoughts pours on his swelling mind—  
Bad passions die—the good grow more refined.

But not the *terrible* alone excites  
Emotions fraught with exquisite delights :  
The calmer scenes those tranquil joys impart,  
That softly sweet, steal on the raptur'd heart.  
When Spring assumes the sceptre of the plains,  
And rob'd in green, with flowers bespangled,  
reigns,  
Is there a heart but feels itself grows light ?  
Is there an eye, that sparkles not more bright ?

Not man alone, the general joy partakes—  
As from a sleep, the whole creation wakes.  
In sprightly notes, the lark salutes the dawn,  
And cheers the plowman pacing o'er the lawn :  
Sad Philomelā, from the hawthorn spray,  
Now swells, now falls, the sweetly warbled lay :  
While all around, in every leafy grove,  
Each feather'd songster tells his tale of love :  
The farmer glad, beholds the rising corn,  
And hopes rich harvests will his fields adorn :  
And lo ! in crowds, the little noisy train,  
Come forth to pluck the flowerets on the plain :  
While age revives, cheer'd by the sun's warm  
rays ;  
Smiles at their sports, and thinks of former days.

Blest be that Power, who on mankind bestows,  
Such sweet delights to mitigate our woes.

While Gratitude awakes Devotion's fires,  
Beyond this world the raptur'd soul aspires.  
Amidst our griefs, Hope still exulting springs ;  
And Faith beholds those bright celestial things,  
Which, when our bodies, like the flowers decay,  
Shall more than all our sorrows here repay.

*S O N N E T.*

WHILE the bright colours slowly melt away,  
That late the western clouds so richly dight,  
And gradual darkness steals upon the light,  
Thro' flowery vales, and groves I love to stray,

And silent mark the glow-worm's kindling ray,  
That mid the dunkest walks, and deepest glooms,  
The long dank grass, with greenish light, illumines,  
And glads the eye, and cheers the dusky way.

Tho' now it spread a radiance thro' its sphere,  
'Twas pale by day, unheeded, and unseen :  
Thus humble Virtue oft may dim appear,  
Where gaudy Fortune spreads her dazzling sheen;  
But in the gloom of drear Affliction's night,  
While all is dark around, she shines in native light.

THE VALE OF INNOCENCE:

A Vision.

Addressed to *Miss Thompson of Spring Gardens,*

EDINBURGH,

ON HER SENDING THE AUTHOR A PICTURE OF INNOCENCE, PAINTED BY HERSELF.

In museful mood, upon my bed reclin'd,  
While your fair present occupied my mind :  
My waking senses scarce had sleep subdued,  
When Fancy's eye innumerable prospects view'd.  
Here many a mountain light I seem'd to climb,  
That, as the Andes, rose in air, sublime :  
O'er rugged rocks, I sometimes seem'd to go,  
To wander sometimes by the streams below.

At last I reach'd a wide extended vale,  
Where balmy fragrance floated on the gale :  
Among the groves, ten thousand tuneful throats,  
Pour'd on the ear, their wild, melodious notes :  
While all-around were heard these melting  
strains,  
The sight was ravish'd with the beauteous plains ;  
Where flowers of every scent and hue were seen,  
Involve, by nature, with the velvet green ;

And stately trees of every distant clime,  
 With wild luxuriance, wav'd in leafy prime :  
 The wanton fawns, in many a chearful bound,  
 Exulting play'd their milky dams around ;  
 And smiling groups of pratling children stray'd,  
 In garlands gay, of fairest flowers, array'd :  
 Some, to the music of the tuneful reed,  
 In mazy dances, trod the verdant mead :  
 Not fairy elves, amid the moonlight glade,  
 E'er lighter tript, or sweeter music made.  
 Some, lonely stray'd, far distant from the throng,  
 And, pensive, listen'd to the woodland-song ;  
 Or, with a book, reclin'd beneath the shade,  
 While, with their locks, the breezes lightly  
     play'd.  
 Others, with scenes of future glory fir'd,  
 To rising hillocks' grassy brows retir'd ;  
 Where, in the turf, they forts, and trenches  
     form'd,  
 Now armies routed, and now castles storm'd.

But endless were it to recount their joys,  
 Their schemes, their pastimes, and their nume-  
     rous toys.  
 A spreading stream flow'd winding thro' the vale,  
 Whose glassy breast, unruffled by the gale,  
 Reflected back the glories of the sky,  
 With silvery willows, gently waving nigh.  
 Here sail'd the swan, with downy breast elate,  
 And arching neck, in all his swimming state.

Fast by the flood, arose a swelling mound,  
Whose sides with flowers, whose top with trees  
was crown'd.

Where leafy palms diffus'd a pleasant shade,  
Fair INNOCENCE, in flowing white array'd,  
Sat mid her train ;—rais'd on a flowery throne,  
In modest state, and youthful bloom she shone :  
No crown she wore, no sceptre of command ;  
A fleecy lamb fed from her lily hand :  
Her auburne hair, a carmine fillet bound,  
Her wavy ringlets loosely flow'd around :  
With careless ease, her veil was backward flung,  
And o'er her lamb, with placid look, she hung.  
Such she appear'd, as, by the pencil's aid,  
In glowing colours, thou hast well pourtray'd.

Permit the muse, fair THOMSON, then to pause,  
And offer thee, her tribute of applause.  
In riper years, how must thy powers excel,  
Whose youthful pencil now performs so well !  
Already, in thy works, we view, combin'd,  
An ardent genius, and a taste refin'd !  
If thou still aim'st, sweet Artist, to improve,  
All must thy works admire, as now thy charms  
they love.

But let the Muse pursue her purpos'd theme,  
And tell the rest of this romantic dream.—  
A beauteous NYMPH before the Queen appear'd,  
Whom to behold, her eyes she gently rear'd :

On her white bosom, which, with easy swell,  
 Rose soft, yet firm, her graceful tresses fell :  
 O'er her fair face, health's rosy hues were spread;  
 In her moist eyes, *love's* purple lightnings play'd :  
 She lowly bending, the fair Queen address'd,  
 And in few words, her humble suit express'd :  
 That, hence she might conduct a youthful train,  
 Who anxious sought to quit that flowery plain,  
 And wander thro' the wide world's devious ways,  
 In search of profit, pleasure, or of praise.  
 Her suit was heard :—the Queen gave swift  
 command,  
 That this fair group around her throne should  
 stand ;  
 Then, ere they were permitted hence to go,  
 She thus 'gan warn them of each guileful foe :  
 “ Ye who are now to quit our peaceful scenes,  
 Our harmless sports, and never fading greens ;  
 Whom, Fame, and Virtue beckon hence away,  
 And Happiness will not permit to stay :  
 'Tis meet their paths you ardent should pursue,  
 And keep their forms still present to your view.  
 On three high mountains their fair Fanes appear,  
 And proud in air, their lofty turrets rear ;  
 But of the three, Fame's blazes far most bright,  
 While Virtue's oft, can scarce attract the sight :  
 Yet those, who wish true Glory to attain,  
 Must rise to Fame, by Virtue's humbler Fane ;  
 Nor can true Happiness be e'er procur'd,  
 By those, who Virtue's toils have not endur'd.

But ah ! before her Temple you can gain,  
 Great are the labours, that you must sustain.  
 Yourselves from dangers, tho' you might defend,  
 Yet snares unseen on every step attend :  
 But most beware ! of those, that may arise,  
 In FLATTERY's mask, and FRIENDSHIP's  
 treacherous guise.

AMBITION oft will meet you on your way,  
 And strive to lure you from your path astray :  
 In lofty style he talks of wealth, and power,  
 And Fame's bright wreath, the daring spirit's  
 dower.

He shows his house, and call it that of Fame  
 (Oft has it been mistaken for the same :)  
 Let not its splendors tempt you, but beware !  
 Baseless it floats on clouds of poisonous air.  
 Foul Infamy's dread den beneath it yawns :  
 Ah ! place unblest, where Fame's light never  
 dawns !

Here dwells each thing the most abhor'd and  
 foul :—

Huge serpents hiss, bats shriek, and tygers howl :  
 While still, to add more horrors to the sound,  
 Fierce worldwinds groan the dreary cavern round ;  
 Unwholesome fogs, and exhalations rise,  
 And with thick, murky clouds obscure the skies,  
 Those, who sink down in this sad noisome place,  
 Here lie for ever :—hence there's no release !

With loose-rob'd PLEASURE too expect to  
 meet : Her air is winning, and her accents sweet :  
 Her face is flush'd, but not with health's soft  
 blooms ; Her flaunting robes are steep'd in rich perfumes :  
 And much she boasts of gardens, roseate bowers,  
 Of baths of bliss, and couches strew'd with  
 flowers. She Happiness presumes herself to call ;  
 But all her sweets are dash'd with bitter gall.  
 Her fairy-dwelling, with enchanting shows,  
 Invites the traveller there to seek repose ;  
 And, while each thing around him real seems,  
 The hapless wight himself most happy deems :  
 But when he would his wearied powers restore,  
 On beds of flowers, loud winds around him roar,  
 The beauteous fabrick instant melts away ;  
 And lo ! he's left thro' dreary wilds to stray.

IN TEMPERANCE, with his cup you next espy,  
 Squeezing rich fruits that tempting strike the eye.  
 The traveller, with long toilsome marches spent,  
 All faint and weary, and with dust besprent,  
 Oft views, with fond desire, the dangerous cup,  
 First gently sips, then quaffing, drinks it up :  
 To his parch'd lips, it fresh, and cool appears,  
 And from the draught no bad effects he fears ;  
 But as the liquor he still deeper drains,  
 His blood inflam'd, boils thro' his throbbing  
 veins ;

His eyes grow dim, his staggering reason reels ;  
 The Sorcerer waves his rod ;—no longer sense  
 he feels.

’Gainst sluggish INDOLENCE, be on your  
 guard.

Lest, by his wiles, he should your steps retard.  
 With languid ease, and with half closed eyes,  
 Flung on a couch, beneath a rock he lies ;  
 Whence rolls a river with a lulling sound,  
 Dash’d into foam, and murmuring far around :  
 Those who from Glory’s path, here turn aside,  
 This lulling murmur tempts still to abide ;  
 Till o’er them, he his magic spells diffuse,  
 And steep their senses in Lethean dews :  
 Then lead them bound, in listless languor’s chain,  
 To blank Oblivion’s dark obscure domain.

On single foes, I can no longer dwell,  
 And time would fail me all their names to tell.  
 Let Reason o’er your every step preside,  
 And steady Prudence be your constant guide.  
 To guard your bosoms ’gainst the arrows keen,  
 Which subtle basely Malice aims unseen,  
 This precious JEWEL \* from my hand receive :  
 Tho’ now it shines bright as the star of eye,

\* The Consciousness of INNOCENCE.

Whene'er you deviate from fair Virtue's way,  
 This power 'twill lose, its lustre will decay ;  
 As you to measure back your wanderings strive,  
 Its power and lustre will again revive. ”  
 Here ceas'd the **QUEEN** : they take a kind adieu,  
 And with glad hearts their various tracks pursue.  
 But on their out-set, such loud shouts arose,  
 The **VISION** fled, with all its pleasing shows.

---

### TO A FRIEND,

*Making an excuse for the Author's not dining  
 with him, according to appointment.*

---

To-MORROW, dear Sir, I had a design  
 To eat of your beef, and to drink of your wine ;  
 To look at your pictures, and talk of the arts,  
 Of Painters and Poets, and men of fine parts—  
 'Till wine and till converse our souls should  
 inspire,  
 Awaken our powers, and set Fancy on fire ;  
 And, when she grew wearied, nor further could  
 rise,  
 To let her down gently from Genius' bright skies,  
 I hop'd you, whose voice is so tunefully strong,  
 Would steep me in pleasure with some plaintive  
 song.

But, alas, my good friend, I fear this fine  
scheme

Will prove as unreal as a fond lover's dream :  
For night's *silver regent's* far gone in the wane,  
And darkness steals over her visage again ;  
Her hours too are late, and her chamber she'll  
keep,

'Till most sober folks are abed and asleep ;—  
Next morning indeed, on the verge of the skies,  
She'll hang without lustre when others arise :  
Thus **CYNTHIA**, chaste **CYNTHIA**, as rakish is  
grown

As any fine lady or spark of the town.

The nights too of late are so close and so foggy,  
If I—and it might be—should prove somewhat  
groggy,

My way I might lose, or my horse he might  
stumble,

And I in the dirt get a terrible tumble.

These things, when consider'd, you cannot refuse  
To admit as a very sufficient excuse.—

Shall be glad soon in *Woodbridge* to see *Mr. P.*  
Meantime am his friend, most sincerely, *J. B.*

*S O N N E T I.*

*Addressed to George Dempster, Esq.*

On hearing that he had refused to suffer his Carriage to  
be drawn by his Fellow Subjects.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1784.

---

BRITANNIA oft indignant has beheld  
The boasted champions of fair Freedom's  
cause,  
With self-importance insolently swell'd,  
O'erlook Humanity's benignant laws ;  
And while they promis'd millions to defend,  
Make British Subjects their ignoble slaves.  
Round thee, O DEMPSTER, Freedom's steady  
friend,  
No bawling mob of misled wretches raves ;  
But, while their hearts with gratitude o'erflow,  
For thy unwearied patriotic zeal,  
Thy fellow subjects strive their sense to show  
Of thy great labors for the public weal,—  
Thy generous soul all such respect disdains  
As would, on Freedom's Sons, impose the  
slightest chains.

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## SONNET II.

*To a Friend.*

WRITTEN IN THE EVENING OF THE 11TH. OF NOVEMBER,  
1784, WHEN THE WIND WAS HIGH.

---

SWIFT sweep the clouds along the blackening  
sky,

Loud in the wind the tossing trees resound ;  
The sinking gale seems ready now to die,  
Now stronger swells, and strews with leaves the  
ground.

The still, and peaceful eve let others hail,  
When not a leaf stirs with the gentle breeze ;  
When CYNTHIA's gleam rests on the lengthen-  
ing vale,  
Or glitters broken thro' wide branching trees.

Sweet is the mildness of the moon-light scene !  
The pleasures sweet, still, peaceful eves inspire  
Yet sweeter far, O CLARKE ! to thee, I ween,  
This solemn night, in tune to OSSIAN's lyre !  
For now thy Fancy, spurning earth and time,  
Soars with each shadowy Form, and converse  
holds sublime.

### SONNET III.

On visiting **ORFORD**, and not being able to learn whether the Body of a Friend, who was shipwrecked off that place several years ago, had ever been found and interred.

WITH pensive soul these Ruins,\* I survey,  
Deeply reflecting on the wrecks of Time ;  
Whose hand, unseen, sweeps all our joys away ;  
Subverts each work of man, howe'er sublime.

But when from hence the roaring main I view,  
A deepening gloom o'erspreads my thoughtful  
breast ;

The tear of fond remembrance swells anew,  
For thee, my **BURNES** ! tho' long since at rest.

Was't not enough, far from thy native home,  
In early youth, to sink beneath the wave !  
But must thy Friend, while here, by chance, I  
roam,

Want the poor solace, to behold thy Grave !  
To pluck the weeds, that on its sod might grow ;  
And nurse the flowers with tears—sad luxury  
of woe !

\* Of the Castle and Chancel ; the last of which is a curious piece of Saxon Architecture.

*SONNET IV.*

*To Miss P\*\*\* of Woodbridge.*

**WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1785.**

SWEET modest Fair, thy unaffected mien,  
Thy pleasing form, thy elegant attire,  
Thy charming features, and thy look serene  
Force all, who view, to love, while they admire.

My bosom feels the power of beauty's beam,  
Thy countless charms, with rapture I survey ;  
Yet still behold, with more entire esteem,  
Th' endearing virtues, all thy deeds display.

Thy generous heart bleeds for each child of woe,  
And shares with god-like joy, another's weal :—  
May thine own cup with every bliss o'erflow !  
Ne'er may thy breast the pangs of sorrow feel !  
And may the Youth who wins thee to his arms,  
Have merit to deserve, and sense to prize thy  
charms !

SONNET V.

---

SEE'ST thou the shepherd boy on yonder hill,  
How busily his little tower he rears ?  
What self-important thoughts his bosom fill !  
That slender pile, he trusts, shall stand for years.

But soon, perhaps, some surly, neighbouring  
swain

May wantonly his labours all o'erthrew ;  
Or he, perchance, be summon'd to the plain,  
And forc'd awhile his bright schemes to forego.

Yet still, as oft as e'er he comes that way,  
To feed his flock, the work he will renew :  
Tho' baffled still—still will his mind be gay ;  
And, big with hope, his toils he'll still pursue.  
So let me still, build CASTLES IN THE AIR !  
Oft as they tumble down, let Fancy them repair !

---

SONNET VI.

---

MILD as the beam which gilds the glassy deep,  
IN the fair eve, when Cynthia cloudless reigns :  
SWEET as the violet, on the tangled steep ;  
SOFt as the primrose, sprinkled o'er the plains :

F air as the lilly, when it fairest blows,  
R eflecting back the rose's blushing hue ;  
A nd meekly modest, as the cowslip grows,  
N urs'd in the meadow, by the gentlest dew !

C ould those of highest state behold this *Flower*,  
E ager they'd seek the treasure to possess.—  
S hield it, O Heav'n ! from every weltering  
shower !  
A h ! let no foot unweeting on it press !  
M ay it, transplanted from its native plain,  
Y ield its sweet fragrance to some gentle Swain,  
S afe lodg'd, in some fair bower, from storms,  
and beating rain.

### SONNET VII.

*Written in a fine morning in January.*

Tho' frosty blasts have rudely bar'd the trees,  
And nipt each floweret on the plain below,  
The leafless shrubs with sweetest radiance  
glow,  
And still amidst the wrecks of winter please ;

For lo ! unskaken by the slightest breeze,  
 Ten thousand pendent drops bedeck each  
 thorn ;  
 While these reflect th' unclouded beam of morn,  
 What rain-bow tints the raptur'd gazer sees !

What bright effulgence !—what a glorious view !  
 The purest *brilliants*, midst court revels bright,  
 Are nought to these, with gems of richest hue,  
 Illum'd with all the lustre's blaze of light !  
 Thus while my *comforts*, nipt, the ground be-  
 strew—  
 May sweet *RELIGION*'s beam irradiate Sorrow's  
 dew !

### SONNET VIII.

Written on Knight's Portrait of my venerable Friend,  
 THE LATE REV. RICHARD HARRISON.

THE strong resemblance of my valued Friend,  
 Whose Eloquence resistless wins the soul,  
 By energetic tones, and sweet controul,  
 At Virtue's shrine, with sacred awe to bend !

With more than mortal pleasure have I heard  
 His soft, yet powerful, all-persuasive voice,  
 Which makes, as when dread *SINAI*'s flames  
 appear'd,  
 The Wicked tremble, and the Good rejoice.

And, while each palm of Eloquence ~~HE~~ wears,  
 His private virtues eminently shine :  
 A truly Philanthropic heart he bears,  
 O'erflowing with each Charity benign.  
 Oft as thy *Semblance*, HARRISON ! I view,  
 Thy *words* may I remember, and thy *Life* pursue !

SONNET IX.

ON THE POPPY.

WHEN life's red stream with quicken'd impulse  
 flows,  
 Impetuous struggling thro' th'obstructed brain,  
 And hot as *ÆTNA*'s burning *lava* glows,  
 When wasting wide it seeks the distant main.

When Reason staggers with the stroke of Pain,  
 And Superstition's spectres hover round,  
 While Frenzy sees red lightnings scathe the plain  
 That erst with Fancy's sweetest flowers was  
 crown'd :—

Where shall the harrass'd wretch for succour fly?  
 Nor Faith nor Hope can now afford him aid ;  
 For Vengeance waves her flaming falchion high,  
 And o'er the grave hangs Horror's baleful shade !  
 Blest POPPY !—Thou, surpassing every flower,  
 Affordst a sovereign balm for this distressful hour.

SONNET X.

On the untimely fate of a **FLY**, which lost its life in the **EYE**  
 of a beautiful Lady.

AH ! hapless insect ! sportive *Fly* !  
 Against fair **MARY**, heedless borne :—  
 Severely thou hast hurt *her eye*,  
 And limb from limb *thyself* art torn.  
 Nought now avails thy changeful hues,  
 As in the sun-beam glanc'd thy wing :—  
 No more thou'l quaff the morning dews,  
 And revel on the flowers of spring.

Thou'st met thy fate from **MARY'S EYE** !—  
 What fluttering *things*, that **EYE** has slain !  
 But bath'd in tears thy *relics* lie—  
 Unwept, unonor'd *Beaux* remain.  
 Oh ! **MARY** ! more consistent prove—  
 Weep not for *flies*, or melt to **LOVE** !

*O D E :*

WRITTEN IN MARCH 1786.

---

How fiercely drives the rattling hail !  
How loudly blows the blustering wind !  
Now deep, and distant sounds the gale,  
And with its murmurs soothes the mind :  
Anon, a whistling sound prevails—  
By fits, irregular, it roars—  
With boisterous force the house assails,  
While with harsh dreary noise resound the jar-  
ing doors.

Yet why, my **MAIA** ! why that tear ?  
Why hangs that gloom upon thy mind ?  
Abroad the storm may rage, but here,  
No entrance its fierce rage can find.  
You think perhaps of those at sea ;  
Or the poor houseless wretch on shore :  
For soft compassion dwells with thee,  
And others' griefs oft wound thy tender breast  
full sore.

Or spring thy sorrows from within—  
From sources deeper, and more near ?  
Not from the storms external din,  
But from thine own foreboding fear ?

Dreadst thou lest we should ever feel  
 WANT's surly blasts and freezing power?  
 Say—can mankind their bosoms steel  
 'Gainst those who shivering stand beneath  
*Affliction's shower.*

What tho' our pittance be but small,  
 And helpless babes look up for bread—  
 The PROVIDENCE, that cares for all,  
 A table for us still will spread.  
 Should we become Disease's prey,  
 And in our veins fierce Fever rage—  
 Our languid heads blest Hope will stay,  
 And with sweet cordial drops these cruel ills  
 assuage.

Should e'er a gloomy doubt arise  
 Of our ALMIGHTY FATHER's care:  
 Let us reflect—HE's good and wise,  
 And knows what state we best can bear.  
 Tho' darkness may enwrap the sky,  
 And neither sun nor stars be seen—  
 Still they pursue their course on high;  
 Nor can the darkest clouds a long while inter-  
 vene.

In summer oft the tender flower  
 Hangs its fair head surcharg'd with rain;  
 But soon the sun's enlivening power  
 Unfolds its beauties all again:

And e'en the showers that weigh it down  
 Fresh vigor to the *stem* bestow :—  
 Thus then—if **HEAVEN**, or smile, or frown—  
 Some good to man may spring alike from Joy  
 or Woe.

---

*VERSES,*

Written on an excellent little Book, entitled, “**An ESSAY**  
 “**on the HOLY SACRAMENT of the LORD’s SUPPER**; ad-  
 “**dressed to the Inhabitants of a populous Parish near London,**”  
 by a *Layman*; and, “**SERMONS for SUNDAY SCHOOLS,**”\* by  
 the same *Author*.

---

**CHRISTIAN**! if thou wouldest obey,  
 Thy **REDEEMER**’s dying call,—  
 Go! commemorate his **Death**,  
 When **HE** shed his **Blood** for all.

If the *Sacramental Rite*,  
 Thou wouldest fully comprehend,  
 Read this plain and useful Book,  
 By a pious **LAYMAN** penn’d.

---

\* Some very worthy men, who formerly were zealous friends to Sunday-schools, have lately abated much of their ardor for instructing the poor: nay, I have heard of some, who have

Clearly he removes each doubt,  
 That would keep the timid back,  
 And, by sacred Scripture Proof,  
 Shews 'tis an incumbent act.

even gone so far as to regret, that they had ever employed themselves, with so much activity in what they now deem so pernicious to society. The deluge of revolutionary and irreligious publications, which lately overspread this country, produced this alteration of opinion. But let it be remembered where Revolution, Rebellion, and Impiety have, with most success, erected their standards. Has it not been in those countries where mistaken policy had kept the mass of the people in the most profound ignorance; which of course rendered them liable to have their minds inflamed to madness by men of popular eloquence, who had any particular purpose to serve.

How peaceable, comparatively speaking, has been the conduct of the lower classes in Scotland, where almost all are taught to read: and what good man can peruse that incomparable Poem, *The Cotter's Saturday night*, by *Robert Burns*, without rapture; or without wishing, that the leisure hours of the poor in all countries were as virtuously and innocently employed?—In my early youth I have often witnessed the truth of the Poet's charming description of the Cotters' simple, but impressive devotion. But the totally ignorant scarcely know a pause between labor and vice:—they want cheap amusement, as well as instruction: this the Bible affords.

I have been Chaplain some years to the House of Correction in Woodbridge, and have observed, that of those who are sent there either for behaving ill in their places as servants, or other misdemeanors, the proportion who can read is extremely small, perhaps, not one in five.

It may be said, that though people cannot read, yet they may

To the infant Mind he gives  
 Lessons rational and plain,  
 Teaching children how they may  
 God's and Man's good will obtain,

---

receive sufficient instruction by attending Church: but I have often found that those who have not been taught to read, make that an excuse for staying away from Church altogether; and even if they were more punctual in their attendance than they generally are, I beg to know in what language the Clergyman is to clothe his instructions, so as to be understood by mere ignorance.

I remember, that *Mr. Southgate*, the very learned, laborious, and respectable Curate of *St. Giles*, *in the fields, London*, whom I had the felicity to number among the warmest of my early Friends, though his own Sermons were excellent, sometimes expressed his doubts as to the utility of preaching. He was of opinion that much more good might be done by catechising; and he embraced every opportunity of enforcing religious instruction in that manner; particularly after the baptism of infants, when he uniformly catechised the Godfathers, and exhorted them to a faithful discharge of the vows they had then undertaken.

When, on his recommendation in the year 1777, I went to be Curate of *Great Yarmouth*, he strongly enjoined this practice on me: and though I wanted the grave aspect, the firm tone, the awe-commanding manner of the venerable Curate of *St. Giles*, I always found my short lectures on these occasions listened to with respectful attention, and received with gratitude, by the persons to whom they were addressed.

Zealous in the Cause of CHRIST,  
 From his Pen these Doctrines flow :—  
*In the heart Religion dwells—*  
*Faith by Works itself must show.\**

\* These important Doctrines are frequently and warmly inforced in both these valuable Tracts.

*SONG.*



AH ! must I bid these scenes adieu,  
 Where sweet EULALE oft I've seen ;  
 In summer-morning's pearly dew,  
 Oft traced her footsteps o'er the green ;  
 Where Solitude has heard me sigh,  
 And tell my griefs to rocks alone,  
 'Till all their echoes made reply,  
 Reverberating groan for groan.

AH ! must I hence far distant go,  
 Nor view these blooming vales again,  
 Ere she my hapless passion know,  
 Or soothe with kisses sweet my pain :  
 Yet why should I those pangs reveal,  
 Which Fortune dooms me to endure !  
 Why teach her tender breast to feel  
 A wretch's woes she dares not cure !

**PASTORAL SONG:**

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1792.

---

Ye shepherds round BUTLEY, who stray,  
Attending your *sable-faced* § sheep,—  
Drive sorrow and care far away!—  
Give your tears, and your sighs to the deep!  
See, how the OLD ABBEY looks gay!  
No ivy now creeps o'er its wall:  
Its columns of smoke curling play,  
In honour of *fair \*\*\*\*\*!* Mansion of Donegal.

We have walk'd round the ruins and sigh'd,  
And talk'd of its splendor and fame—  
How the wants of the poor were supplied—  
Each stranger made welcome that came.  
Once more now flows BOUNTY's spring tide;  
And Cheerfulness reigns in the Hall:  
The Boast of our plains and the Pride—  
Is the *sweet* and the *fair \*\*\*\*\*!*

---

§ The sheep in Suffolk have black faces and legs.

You have seen the bright star of the morn,  
 From the bosom of ocean arise :  
 You have seen the dew-drops on the thorn  
 Reflecting a thousand bright dies :  
 You have seen silver CYNTHIA's soft ray  
 At eve on the wave sweetly fall :—  
 Can *these* then a lustre display,  
 Like the eyes of the *fair \*\*\*\*\**?

Her look is benignant and kind,  
 Her complexion outvies e'en the rose :  
 By her face you may see that her mind—  
 Is the *seat* where the Virtues repose.  
 Such Beauty and Goodness combin'd  
 Enraptures the bosoms of all :—  
 Our hearts, with our voices are join'd,  
 In the praise of the *fair \*\*\*\*\**!

Long sorrow had stifled my voice ;  
 My pipe on the willow was hung ;  
 But \*\*\*\*\* bids us rejoice,  
 And \*\*\*\*\*'s praise shall be sung :  
 Let her pardon a rustic Swain,  
 And accept of this tribute tho' small :—  
 Then, while we can pipe on the plain,  
 Our theme shall be *fair \*\*\*\*\**!

*ODE to EIRIN.*

EIRIN! let thy **HARP** resound—  
Let its tones thy foes confound!  
BRITAIN wide expands her arms:  
Cease! O cease, thy false alarms!  
Let thy bleeding wounds now close:  
Long, and sweet be thy repose.  
EIRIN, let thy **HARP** resound!  
**UNION, Safety, spreads around.**

Independent still thou'l<sup>t</sup> be—  
Independent, great, and free:  
Safe from each intriguing foe,  
Rest, and peace thy Sons will know:  
Commerce will surround thy shores,  
Wide diffusing all her stores.  
EIRIN, let thy **HARP** resound!  
**UNION, Plenty, spreads around.**

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, long aloof,  
Threat'ning stood, in martial proof:  
Oft they dar'd the bloody field—  
Each, in fight, disdain'd to yield:  
Neither could the 'vantage gain,  
Tho' their bravest sons were slain:  
Now, by *Tweed*, their minstrels sound:  
**UNION, Peace, spreads all around,**

O'er the hills of **SCOTLAND** now,  
 Agriculture drives his plough :  
 Clannish feuds no longer known,  
 All **GREAT GEORGE**'s sceptre own.  
**Lairds**, and **Barons** now we see,  
 All united, great, and free ;  
 While the bagpipes sweetly sound :  
**UNION**, *Comfort*, spreads around.

**EIRIN**, Oh ! be timely wise !  
 Heed not **Faction**'s madd'ning cries !  
**BRITAIN** owns thee open, brave :  
 From the **GAUL**, She would thee save.  
 Cling then closer to her breast :  
 Share her dangers, share her rest.  
**EIRIN**, let thy **HARP** resound !  
**UNION**, *Friendship*, spreads around.

**EIRIN** ! let thy lovely green  
 In the *Union-Flag* be seen !  
 Let one **LEGISLATIVE POWER**,  
 Be the Empire's strength and tower.  
 Let us heart, and hand combine—  
 Frustrate be each foe's design !  
**EIRIN**, let thy **HARP** resound !  
**UNION**, *Glory*, spreads around.

## TO AN INFANT DAUGHTER,

*On naming her*

AFTER A WORTHY FRIEND.

---

LITTLE INFANT ! take the name  
Which a worthy LADY bears :  
Oft in want, her bounty came,  
To relieve thy Parents' cares.

THY DEAR NAMESAKE, ever kind,  
Generous, friendly, and sincere,  
Loves to rear the tender mind,  
And wipe from aged want the tear.

To thy Sister she has been,  
More than Mothers oft can be,  
Who in her has virtues seen—  
*Such as Daughters ought to see.*

Frequent griefs and silver hairs  
Tell me, short must be my date :—  
When I'm silent in the grave,  
Live !—*HER Goodness to relate !—*

FINDS.

## ДАЧА НА ОТДЫХ

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